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THE SOCIETY'S PERIODICALS.

THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND, a monthly publication of thirty-two pages, contains the proceedings of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, and its Branches and Auxiliaries, with notices of the labors of local independent Societies in behalf of seamen, its aim being to present a general view of the history, nature, progress and wants of the SEAMEN'S CAUSE, and commend it to the sympathies, the prayers and the benefactions of the community.

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THE LIFE BOAT, a four page sheet, published monthly, will contain brief tales, anecdotes, incidents, &c., and facts relating to the work of the LOAN LIBRARIES issued by the Society.—Any Sabbath-School contributing to the Society \$20, for a LOAN LIBRARY, may receive fifty copies of the LIFE BOAT, gratis, monthly, for one year, with postage prepaid.

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Vol. 56,

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JUBILEE SERMON

BY REV. S. C. DAMON, D. D., SEAMEN'S CHAPLAIN AT HONOLULU, S. I.,
PREACHED IN THE BETHEL, DECEMBER 2ND, 1883.

LEVITICUS XXV: 2—"A jubilee shall that fiftieth year be unto you."

On the 28th of November, A. D., 1833, this chapel was dedicated to the worship of God. Fifty years,—a half century,—has since elapsed and this chapel still remains true to the object for which it was solemnly dedicated. It seems highly becoming that the FIFTIETH anniversary,—the Jubilee,—should not be allowed to pass without a suitable recognition and a most grateful expression of thanksgiving to the great Head of the Church, for his watchful providence during these fifty years now closed.

First Edifice for Preaching the Gospel in English.

Before making some remarks upon the history of the preaching of the gospel in this chapel, I would state that this is the first church building ever erected on the Hawaiian Islands or any island of Polynesia, or on the western coast of either North or South America, for the worship of God in the English language. I would also state that no church building now standing on these islands was built prior to the erection of this chapel, hence it is a building of no little historic interest. At the date of its dedication the American missionaries had been laboring on the islands during a period of thirteen years, or from 1820 to 1833. During that period the gospel had been more or less preached by them in the English language. The first sermon preached in Honolulu was by the Rev. H. BINGHAM, April 23rd, 1820, the missionaries having landed on April 19th, the previous week. Mr.

Bingham's text was from Luke 2, 10—"Fear not for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people." The singing on the occasion was aided by G. P. Tamoree, a Hawaiian youth who had been educated at the Mission School in Cornwall, Ct., where he had been taught to play upon a bass viol. During the following years regular preaching was sustained by the missionaries, to which the mission families, foreign residents and seamen were invited. The same year (1820) the missionaries arrived, whale ships began to resort to this port for supplies, and the number of seamen greatly increased. As the Rev. Hiram Bingham was pastor of the native church and stationed in Honolulu, most frequently he preached in English, although others were often occupants of the pulpit. Thus continued the preaching of the gospel until an application was made to the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY to establish a chapel in Honolulu. This was initiated by the appointment of the Rev. S. Whitney to correspond with that Society. On the 10th of February, 1830, Mr. Whitney wrote to the Rev. C. P. McIlvaine, corresponding secretary (subsequently Bishop of Ohio), and from his communication I copy as follows:—"At a late meeting of the Mission I was appointed to write to you and call your attention to the subject of sending hither a missionary to labor among that interesting class of men whose wants have excited your sympathies and called forth your truly benevolent exertions. In all the countries to which our seamen resort, perhaps there is not a place to be found where the labors of your Society are so needed as at this port. There are two hundred English and Americans who reside on the island. From one hundred to one hundred and fifty ships touch here, most of them semi-annually." This appeal met with a favorable reception and the officers of the Society immediately commenced laying their plans for a permanent chaplaincy in Honolulu. There were many difficulties to be encountered. Honolulu in those days was 18,000 miles distant from New York. The resources of the newly organized society were very limited.

The Station a Chaplaincy of the American Seamen's Friend Society

During the year 1832 the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY established three foreign chaplaincies, one in Havre, France, the second in Canton, China, and the third in Honolulu. This alone remains as a station of the Society at the end of half a century. The first chaplain to receive appointment for Honolulu was the Rev. JOHN DIEHL. From the annual report to the Society for 1833, I learn that the chaplain and his wife sailed from New London, Connecticut, on the 20th of November, 1832, on the whale ship *Mentor*, Captain Rice accompanied by the Rev. Lowell Smith and the Rev. B. W. Parker with their wives, who came out under the American Board to join the mission among Hawaiians. After a long passage around Cape Horn all arrived safely on the 11th of May, 1833. I should have stated that the friends of seamen in Norwich and New London subscribed liberally to send out the materials for the chapel in which we are now assembled. Among those friends were the Hon. THOMAS W. WILLIAMS of New London, and General WILLIAM WILLIAMS, of Norwich. These gentlemen, until the close of their useful lives, remained staunch

friends of this chaplaincy. Some delay attended the selection and securing a suitable site for the proposed chapel, but through the kind offices of Dr. Judd and others this was obtained. The Rev. Mr. Bingham in his history of the islands, remarks:—"Kinau, the Premier, showed her public spirit, and the king his liberality, and both their approval of the object, by granting the Society a site for the chapel in a favorable location, and also a pleasant place for the chaplain's residence in the northern part of the village." Here I take occasion to speak of the continued kindness which has been manifested by the successors of Kamehameha III., two of whom were sons of Kinau, and their successors, Lunalilo, and His Majesty, now present, have worshipped here, and in their youth, while members of Mr. and Mrs. Cooke's school, were attached to the Bethel Sabbath School.

The foundation was laid on the 29th of July and the present edifice was erected on the 22nd of August without the customary accompaniment of "strong drink," which was considered in those days as absolutely necessary when a new building was erected. This was the more remarkable inasmuch as the Bethel was literally surrounded by saloons. Tradition reports that during those early years the sound of the chaplain's voice was often interrupted by the noise and revelry emanating from those places of resort. The work upon the building was carried successfully forward under the superintendence of Mr. Charles Burnham, a young man who came out for this purpose and who subsequently was employed by the American missionaries in similar undertakings. His visit to the islands in 1880 will be remembered. He now resides in Philadelphia, a prosperous merchant.

Dedication of the Chapel.

The dedication of this chapel, to the worship of God, took place on the 28th of the following November,—the day we now commemorate. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Diehl, who selected for his text, Luke x: 29:—"And who is my neighbor?" Five days after the dedication, Mr. Diehl wrote a letter, published in the New York SAILORS' MAGAZINE, from which I quote as follows:—"The members of the Mission families and several of the residents, under the direction of Dr. Judd, kindly assisted in singing several pieces, which gave much interest to the occasion. The king, Kinau, and the principal chiefs were present, together with a respectable number of residents, masters of vessels, and seamen. The school, under the charge and instruction of Mr. and Mrs. Johnstone, which embraced about forty children of residents, occupied seats on the right of the desk. The king, with Kinau and her sister, occupied a sofa in front of the desk, furnished for the occasion by Capt. Hinckley, to whom we feel ourselves under many obligations for the kind assistance he has frequently rendered. As a part of the exercises, I read the instructions delivered to me by the executive committee just before our embarkation at New London. I trust that the unfurling of the Bethel flag on that day will become a long and lasting blessing, not only to the multitude of seamen who stop here, but to those who permanently reside in this place."

Among the comparatively few foreign residents and seamen, most

generous contributions were made towards furnishing the chapel and the purchase of a bell. Among those contributing for the later object, I note the names of His Majesty Kamehameha III., Gov. Adams, P. A. Brinsmade, J. O. Carter, H. A. Pierce and others whose names are so familiar in the subsequent history of Honolulu. Fifty years,—a half century,—have since passed away, and most of those then living in Honolulu have passed onward to the unseen world, but the same bell still continues to sound its Sabbath morning's peal, and the Bethel flag has not since ceased to be unfurled. Scarcely a Sabbath has come around when public services have been omitted. (Probably this chapel has been closed during the half century as few Sabbaths as any other house of public worship on our globe.)

From such enquiries as I have made, Mrs. JOSEPH CARTER is the only person now living in Honolulu who was present on the day of dedication. Only four days previously,—on the 24th of November,—she was united in marriage with Captain JOSEPH O. CARTER, by the Rev. John Diehl. Outside the Missionary circle, this was the first marriage between two foreigners that was ever solemnized here, so far as I am able to learn.

Chaplaincy of Rev. John Diehl.

The Rev. John Diehl officiated as chaplain, from his arrival until December, 1840, when he embarked with his family, in consequence of his protracted ill health, and died at sea, January 18, 1841. During his long continued sickness and decline, he made a voyage around the globe, the Rev. Mr. Tinker officiating as chaplain during his absence, to the great acceptance of the foreign community. From all I have been able to learn respecting Mr. Diehl's labors, he was a most excellent chaplain and faithful gospel minister. He was abundant in labor for both seamen and the foreign community. As the pioneer chaplain, his memory deserves to be kept in continual remembrance. A monument to his memory was erected in Nuuanu Cemetery by the order of his widow in 1852. She still survives, enjoying years of happiness among her children and grandchildren, and a wide circle of friends in the States of New York and Virginia. Only a few days since I received a letter from her, written in her usual cheery and hopeful tone, at the age of 76. She was expecting to spend the winter in Hamilton, New York, where her youngest daughter resides, married to Rev. P. B. SPEAR, D. D., Professor of Greek and Hebrew in Madison University. Her other three daughters have all been well married. These four daughters were born in Honolulu. One of her grandsons graduated from a college in Virginia, and is now a professor in a western college, and two other grandsons are preparing for college. It affords me great satisfaction to be able thus to refer to a family, so intimately connected with this chaplaincy fifty years ago. God's promises to the widow and fatherless have been fulfilled: "The Lord preserveth the stranger; he relieveth the fatherless and widow."

Rev. S. C. Damon his Successor.

It was my privilege to succeed to the pastorsehip of this church and

this chaplaincy, the pioneer chaplaincy in this part of the world. Being under appointment to proceed to India, as a missionary of the American Board, I was released to become the chaplain in Honolulu. The two objects were regarded as essentially the same in their ultimate results, although different in their mode of operations. As years have rolled away, while I have aimed to keep the cause of seamen and the foreign element in this community most prominently in view, yet I do not admit that I have lost sight of the one grand object with which I commenced my ministry, the preaching of the Gospel among the unevangelized. Whenever an opportunity has been offered, I have aimed to assist those laboring for this special object, while both in my preaching and publications the evangelization of the unevangelized has ever been the controlling principle of my life. It is the object which brought the Son of God into this world, and it should be the uppermost aim of all who profess to be the disciples and followers of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. The evangelization of the heathen world I believe to be the grandest, noblest and most Christ-like object which can occupy the thoughts, the attention, and the time of any man or woman in whatever age they may live. Who can even imagine the deplorable state of affairs, there would now have been upon these islands had no missionaries come hither! However much I may have fallen short of my ideal, yet it was with this aim in view that I became an appointed missionary of the American Board, that I was transferred to the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, that I was ordained as an evangelist, in my native place, September 16th, 1841, and embarked from New York with my wife for Honolulu, on the 10th March, 1842; and it has been by keeping this aim in view that for over forty years I have been preaching the gospel from this pulpit and been laboring among seamen and foreign residents of Honolulu.

It was on the 7th of November, 1841, in Dr. Spring's church, in the city of New York that I received my instructions. The Rev. Dr. ARMSTRONG, one of the secretaries of the American Board, who was afterwards lost in the ill-fated steamer *Atlantic*, in Long Island Sound, and the Rev. Dr. SPAULDING, of the SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, were the speakers on that occasion. The addresses of both these gentlemen made it plain that I was about to go forth as a missionary chaplain. Both these gentlemen made prominent the idea that the success of Gospel preaching among the heathen, was essentially promoted by the gathering of churches among foreigners and the preaching of the Gospel among seamen. "At this hour," remarked Dr. Armstrong, "the most formidable obstacle to the entrance of the Gospel in large portions of the heathen world, grows out of the wrongs inflicted and the mischief wrought by ungodly men bearing the Christian name. Pass along the dark shores of benighted Africa; visit the countless islands of Oceanica; and you will find the sad illustrations of this remark." Dr. Spaulding, in delivering my instructions, thus remarked:—"The particular field of your labors will be the port of Honolulu; and the special objects of your solicitude, prayers, and efforts will be the sons of the ocean. There, in that commercial and central position between the coasts of Asia and America, you are

to stand erect as a minister of Jesus Christ. With the foreign residents you will be expected to maintain a kind and courteous intercourse; and if they shall be disposed to attend upon your ministry you will watch for their souls as one that must give an account. At Honolulu you will be a citizen still of the land that gave you birth, and entitled to its civil protection. The honor of your country, therefore, as well as Christian and professional considerations will cause you to abstain from all interference with the local and political interests of that people. Never let the preacher of Christ become the partisan of the world."

Retrospective.

I arrived here on the 19th of October, 1842, and this has been my home and the field of my ministerial labors. It would be quite unnecessary to attempt a minute reference to the history of this chaplaincy during the past forty-one years. I have necessarily lived in open view of my fellowmen. Coming every Sabbath into this pulpit, mingling during the week among both residents and the transient population, publishing every month a newspaper, conferring with the officers of the various benevolent societies and school-boards, and in social life meeting my neighbors, I feel that it would be altogether superfluous to enter upon a detailed narration of the past. Yet something is necessarily expected.

In glancing over the FIFTY Annual Reports which have been made to the parent society in New York, and recalling the events connected with this chaplaincy, one is impressed with the wisdom of the friends of seamen, missions, and humanity, in establishing chaplaincies in Sandwich Islands, Canton, Sydney, Valparaiso, San Francisco, and other ports of the great ocean. The commerce of the world demands a great number of sea-faring men, whose temporal and spiritual welfare requires more than can be supplied by the consuls or resident clergymen of the various nationalities to which the seamen owe allegiance. The numbers resorting to Honolulu have been much greater than perhaps many would suppose. During the years intervening between 1842 and 1867, at the lowest estimate 6,000 annually entered this port, and some years many more. Take the year 1855 as an illustration of the state of affairs. The Rev. S. E. BISHOP reports from 3,000 to 4,000 visiting Lahaina; the Rev. Mr. COAN reports nearly the same number as visiting Hilo, while at Honolulu we were visited by 142 whale ships. I recollect one morning over thirty rounded Diamond Head;—sixteen vessels of war, besides all the merchant vessels, and there could not have been less than 10,000 seamen during the year in the port of Honolulu.

Sailor's Home.

It was during these years that the Home was built, costing when the debt was fully paid \$17,640. To meet the wants of seamen visiting our Islands, Hilo, Lahaina, and Honolulu chapels were opened. Large supplies of good reading matter were distributed, besides several thousands of Bibles. During those years a larger edition of the *Friend* was printed for gratuitous distribution. This little paper

has cost during the forty years of its publication \$28,128.83, no charge ever having been made for editorial labors. In passing I would remark that after so many years of labor I hold myself prepared to account for all monies which have been entrusted to me for benevolent objects or the support of this chaplaincy. In consequence of repairs and enlargement in 1847, I incurred a debt of over \$3,000, nearly two-thirds of which I collected by visiting about 100 whale ships and soliciting funds among officers and seamen.

And this recalls those years when my labors were abundant, and sometimes beyond my strength,—for in 1857 I experienced a slight paralysis of my physical system, which I received as a gentle intimation as to what would surely be the result unless I was more considerate. I think my neighbors and parishioners will bear me witness that I have not since that time been altogether an idle man.

I allude to these statistical facts which might be indefinitely expanded, for the purpose of indicating something of what has been done for the welfare of seamen and foreign residents. The results could never have been secured without the active co-operation of the Christian community in Honolulu and on the other islands. Here I desire most gratefully to acknowledge the generous and sympathetic aid which has been forthcoming from the members of the Bethel and Fort-street churches.

The Chapel a Center for Christian Work.

While this chapel has been the center around which efforts in behalf of seamen have gathered, yet other objects have here been always advocated. The cause of foreign missions has ever been a prominent object here. It was in this chapel that the Mission Church of Micronesia was organized with appropriate ceremonies and addresses on the 11th of July, 1852. Then was sung,—“Wake, Isle of the South, your redemption is near,” and,—“Ye, Christian heroes, go, proclaim.” Inasmuch as Park street church, in Boston, has always claimed it as a peculiar honor, and as among its most precious memories that the Mission Church to Sandwich Islands was organized within its walls, in 1819, so we claim a similar honor with reference to the Church of Micronesia. A similar gathering assembled in this chapel to send forth missionaries to the Marquesas Islands in 1853, when Matanui, a chief, made his appeal to the Christians on these islands. Here we raised aloft the Banner of the Cross, and passed it onward to the far West and the South Seas.

Personal Labors.

An active correspondence has been kept up by the chaplain with many of the English missionaries throughout all the islands of the South Seas. In the missionary work as carried forward in Japan and China, the Bethel has been in cordial sympathy. I deem it among the peculiar honors of this church that during the past fourteen years an evening Chinese school has been kept up on these premises, wherein over 400 Chinamen have been taught the rudiments of the English language, and some of these men are now among the most useful and active members of the Chinese Church of this city. This school is

still continuing, & has been added a school for Chinese girls, taught by ~~Mrs. M. M. M.~~

Colonizations.

The Bethel pastor has on four different occasions sent forth a small colony to other church organizations. This occurred at the organization of Fort-street in 1852, the Methodist in 1857, the English Church in 1867, and the Chinese Church in 1879. This shows that we have a continual sympathy with other churches of Christ in Honolulu and the church at large.

Sabbath School.

It is with peculiar pleasure that I refer to the department of Christian work connected with our Sabbath-school. It has ever been in most active operation. Several hundreds of children have been here under instruction. Our worthy librarian, educated in our school, has been for more than twenty years the guardian of our most excellent collection of books. Others trained here are now sending their children to our school. Our church has been ever receiving recruits from the Sabbath-school which has emphatically proved a nursery of the church.

Parochial and Parish Duties.

Here I may with propriety speak of my parochial work and pastoral duties. I copy the following statistics from the church records. During the period of my ministry I have officiated at 334 marriages, 181 baptisms of infants, 277 have united with the Bethel church, while I have been called upon to officiate at the burial of over 1,200 of my fellow beings. I have thus been permitted to mingle with my parishioners in scenes of joy and sadness. For the period of ten years, from 1842 to 1852, I was sole pastor among foreigners in Honolulu, both residents and seamen. Subsequent to that date the successive pastors of Fort-street, the clergy of the English Church, and the other churches have shared with me the responsibilities of this work. Although the uncommonly large number of seamen visiting Honolulu has absorbed very much of both my time and labors, yet I trust that I have not altogether failed in labors among the inhabitants of this city. In reviewing the receding years many a bright picture may be recalled to memory. From among the families attending upon my ministry have come forth many choice and noble young men and women (one of whom is the writer of the beautiful hymn we have just sung) who have become settled in families, and are now rearing Christian households. Such results are among the richest fruits of ministerial and church work. How often I have spoken to my people upon the family institution and its importance! It has not altogether been easy at times to adjust the two elements, viz., the resident and sea-faring, but here I desire to acknowledge my indebtedness to my resident parishioners for their kindness and courtesy in enabling me in former years to do anything like justice to the sea-faring community. Without your aid how deficient we should have been in music and other essential elements of regular

church services. As all are not acquainted with the miscellaneous duties constantly devolving upon the chaplain, I may refer to a large number of strangers not to be reckoned among either seamen or residents, who have and do still make constant appeals for attention. It was for their special benefit that the "Strangers' Friend Society" was organized thirty years ago, which has dispensed pecuniary and other aid to so many visiting Honolulu, representing almost every nationality on our globe. Strangers, friendless and penniless, cast upon our shores, may not have received all the attention they desired, but they have not been forgotten or altogether neglected. The pastor of this church has often reminded his hearers of Moses' injunction, "Love the stranger," and of the precept in the Epistle to the Hebrews, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers." Although occasionally unworthy beneficiaries have imposed themselves upon the community, yet that has been no valid excuse for neglecting the really meritorious.

Former Members of this Church.

In glancing over the names of those who have been members of this church, I notice that of the Rev. JAMES A. DALY, now pastor of a large and prosperous Congregational church in Wellington, Ohio; another, the Rev. J. P. LUDLOW, who has been pastor of a Baptist church in San Francisco and Washington Territory: one of the Gulicks is now in Japan; one, a Finlander, who united with this church in 1848, who has been for many years a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States; while I know not how many seamen and strangers who have received permanent spiritual health from influences emanating from this chaplaincy, and have returned to England and America to attach themselves to Christian churches. Among this number I might mention JOHN BURNS, whose memoirs have been published in New York, where his labors were so eminently useful in connection with the Sailors' Home of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY and the Episcopal Mission of that city. But why do I make allusion to cases of this nature? It is only to magnify the power of the gospel, and truthfulness of that text of Scripture found in the 55th of Isaiah, which more than any other passage of God's word has been full of inspiration and encouragement to me during these years of toil and labor, "*For as the rain cometh down and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth and maketh it to bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower and bread to the eater, so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth, it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I send it.*"

Functions of the Bethel.

The great underlying and fundamental principle of the Lutheran Reformation was here to be developed on a grand scale. An open Bible was to be given to all. My commission was not alone to American seamen, but to the seamen of all nations, visiting these shores. Here is a grand illustration of the doctrine that as God hath made of one blood all nations, so to all the Gospel is to be preached. With

this idea in view, has this chaplaincy been carried forward during the last half-century. I can think of no other organization better fitted for this good work. Hence around this chapel I have aimed to group several distinct agencies, pecuniarily separate so far as regards their support, but still all tending to the one main object, the publication and exemplification of the Gospel. First has been the preaching upon the Sabbath, then has followed the weekly prayer-meeting, next the Sabbath-school, the Sailors' Home, the Bible Depository, the publication of the *Friend*, the Strangers' Friend Society, and visiting among seamen in port, and at the hospitals. Words faintly express my obligations for the assistance rendered by Mr. DUNSCOMBE during the last eighteen years. All these various agencies have been carried forward, and through these combined influences, God's truth has been verifited that His word should not return unto Him void.

Thus the Gospel leaven has been operating, and will go forward until the whole world shall be leavened. This is the grand undertaking now prosecuted with so much vigor, by so many missionary societies in Europe, America, and other parts of this world. It has been a great privilege, which I have enjoyed in this central station of the broad Pacific, whose waves wash the shores of the surrounding continents, and encircle so many islands of this great ocean. Occasionally I have during these years visited other lands, in 1849 Oregon and California, in 1861 the islands of Micronesia; in 1869-70 America, Europe, and the lands skirting the Mediterranean Sea; but wherever I have gone, I did not cease to labor in the cause of seamen and missions, and have come back more deeply impressed with the idea that upon the Christian church of this generation devolved the imperious and pressing duty of preaching the Gospel among all nations, and that professing Christians were unworthy the name, who did not do all in their power to accomplish this grand purpose and carry out the last command of our ascending Redeemer.

A Glance Backward.

One can with difficulty realize that when this chaplaincy was established, fifty years ago, all California was under Mexican rule, and even after I came hither, San Francisco was wont to derive her news from the outer world, via Honolulu. I do not forget that a Christian lady, now residing in San Francisco, applied to me in 1845 or '46 for a few hymn books, so that a circle of Christians might engage in social religious worship, two years before any Protestant clergyman had gone thither to officiate. Neither do I forget urging the Rev. T. D. HUNT to go thither, in order to become the chaplain to the citizens of San Francisco, in the autumn of 1848, and hence he became pastor of the First Congregational Church in that city. How distinctly I recall my intercourse with the naval officers of those early times, when I was invited to preach on board their ships, among them were STOCKTON, DUPONT, KEARNEY, MONTGOMERY and others, after whom some of the most prominent streets of that great city were named. I recall the fact that when the little *Friend* made its first appearance in January 1843, there was not an English newspaper printed on the western coast of North or South America, from Cape Horn to Bhe-

ring's Straits, or in any part of Polynesia, while China and Japan were both sealed to foreign intercourse. Many years subsequently PERRY's expedition sailed to open the latter country, while England, countenanced by the United States, was beginning to batter down the walls of China, and now, through openings then made, China's millions are pressing their way abroad, much to the annoyance of both Englishmen and Americans. Look southward and view New Zealand, then the undisputed home of the Maoris, but now that of a hundred thousand free and intelligent British colonists. Standing here as chaplain among residents and seamen, I have seen the vast fleets of merchant ships and immigrant vessels, as they touched here on their passages across the broad Pacific, first conveying the eager seekers after gold to the shores of California, and when the gold of the Australian colonies was discovered, then the equally anxious multitude with "hearts all chilled into the selfish prayer for gold," rushing across the ocean to seek for the precious ore in those far off regions. A few individuals and families, touching here in those early days, have remained and become happily interwoven and incorporated in our island community.

What of the Future?

If such vast changes have been wrought in the past few years, what may not be expected during the coming years, under the increased momentum of the active forces of commerce, civilization and christianity. I am quite willing to leave all in the hands of Him who has said, "*The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof:*"—"All souls are mine:"—"The abundance of the sea shall be converted unto thee,"—and I do not forget that I preach in the name of Him, who could say, "*All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth; go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to obserre all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. Amen.*"

A Personal Allusion.

It is with no ordinary feeling of solemnity that I am now addressing you. I realize that the places which know some of us now, will soon know us no more. Another will stand in this pulpit, where it has been my privilege to preach the gospel over forty years. My ministry has already been protracted beyond the average of that allowed to a majority of gospel ministers. In a few weeks I shall have entered upon my seventieth year. Already I have outlived full two generations of my fellow-men, while I have officiated to more than one generation. The doctrines which I have preached I hope to preach until the close of my ministry whenever that may come. I hold myself ready to retire whenever the Society, under whose auspices I labor, and the church to which I minister, shall deem it best for the interests of Christ's kingdom that a younger man shall become my successor. I sincerely think the time has come for steps to be taken looking to such a result, and I suggest that you, as members of my church, take the subject into thoughtful consideration.

WILL THE BOAT COME BACK?

“The salt spray drives o'er a childish form,
Crouched at the end of the wooden pier;
'Tis the fisherman's lad alone in the storm,
And his eyes are wild with an awful fear.
Gaily she sped on her outward track,
But alas! and alas!
Will the boat come back?

“The sea is moaning of doom and wreck,
Madly around him the north wind raves;
Far away from the shore is a tiny speck
That he scarce can see for the rolling waves.
Only a speck on the ocean black,
Now alas! and alas!
Will the boat come back?

*“God send the fisherman safe to land !
It means so much for the little lad.
At the touch of the father's sturdy hand,
How his voice will ring with a welcome glad !
Never a joy will he seem to lack
When the storm is at rest
And the boat comes back.”*

S. E. G., in *Leisure Hour.*

November, 1883.

THE JAVA EARTHQUAKES.

Capt. J. W. Baker of the bark *William H. Besse*, of Wareham, Mass., arrived in Boston, Mass., harbor on Thursday, Dec. 6th, '83, 195 days from Manila. The *Besse*, wholly laden with sugar, sailed from Manila on May 25th, with a fair breeze and everything favorable for a speedy passage home. The captain reports:—

“We sailed along through the China Sea,—there are a great many islands there, you know,—until, when thirty days out, we were near the Straits of Sunda, which are between Java and Sumatra. Here we had heavy weather, and in the night ran upon a rock, which is not down on the charts.

We were damaged considerably in the hull, and had to put in at Batavia. We found it necessary to return to Manila, which we did at once, and after a short delay we set sail once more for home. This explains how it happened that we were near Java at the time of the great earthquake there in the latter part of August.

“We left Batavia again on August 26th. At sunrise the next morning, when we were distant from Bezee Island about five miles, we saw a heavy bank rising from the westward. At the same time the barometer began to fall rapidly and vary in the most extraordinary manner. It fell to 29 deg. 40 min., and then suddenly bounced up to 30 deg. 70 min. This, of

course, meant danger, and something very unusual at that. The bank kept rising and growing more dense, and at last covered the whole sky and filled the atmosphere, and completely obscured the sun. As soon as the barometer began to make those strange variations, I ordered all hands on deck, and every sail was quickly furled. We let the port anchor go, and none too soon, for darkness shut in around us, and heavy showers of sand and ashes began to fall. At the same time, mind you, the wind rose and blew steady and harder, until at noon we were in the midst of a perfect hurricane. All the elements seemed to have combined to make the strangest, most remarkable sight I ever witnessed. You could hardly call it a sight, though, for it was darker than you can imagine. I've seen all kinds of nights and days, and have been about in what I thought was total darkness many a time, but I never knew what darkness was until the 27th of August last. It's no use trying to describe that time. The air seemed thick with blackness, the whistling wind took the breath away, the falling sand and ashes choked you and settled into your clothing in a manner that was horribly suggestive of burial,—the heat was intense and stifling, and the sea, although the wind continued to blow a tempest, remained perfectly calm. The tide set strongly to the westward, and we drove through the water at the rate of fourteen knots an hour.

"All this time we heard constantly heavy rumbling like distant thunder, but long continued; every now and then the darkness was lit up for a second by blinding flashes of lightning, and a nauseating smell of sulphur made breath-

ing not only difficult, but disagreeable. It was enough to frighten any man. None of us had ever experienced anything like this before, and the majority of the seamen were sure that the end of the world had come. Why, one of the officers,—a sensible, steady-going man,—thought it was the day of judgment. I shall never forget that time. I suppose you do not know how on such an occasion the total darkness confuses a man. Now, every sailor knows his ship as you do your desk, and probably much better; every inch is familiar to him. Yet we were all turned round, and knew not where to step. One of the seamen was on top of the house,—on duty, of course,—and he stepped off from the roof and fell on the deck, striking on his head and receiving serious injuries. Well, this sort of thing continued for hours. When at last it cleared up we began to realize what had taken place. The shower of ashes kept up until we were hundreds of miles away from the scene of the disturbance.

"On the 28th we entered the Straits of Sunda and could plainly see the tremendous extent of the damage. Many an island was so changed in appearance and coast line as to be wholly unrecognizable, and we knew them only by their positions. Others must have entirely disappeared, sunk clean out of sight. The forests on Verlaton and Lang Islands were completely obliterated, and the north-western part of Krakatoa was gone. The sea was full of floating trees and other debris, and the surface of the water was covered with ashes. For 600 miles we seemed to be sailing through fields of lava. The decks and rigging were covered with ashes and fine sand to a

depth of several inches. At times we entered extensive fields of cocoanuts, the numbers of which it is impossible to estimate. But the most remarkable and fearful thing of all was the sea of corpses. For nearly three days we came across body after body of persons who had lost their lives in the earthquake. One man alone was said to have counted sixty bodies in plain sight, and how many more there must have been throughout the Straits you can tell as well as I. Thousands must have perished. It was a sight never to be forgotten.

"We continued on our way, having a little tussle with the seas off Cape of Good Hope. After this the prospects seemed good again for a comfortable voyage home. The trades were favorable, but fate came down on us in a new storm. Sickness also broke out among the sailors, and nearly everybody was down. On October 23d, in latitude 16 deg. 37 min., longitude 17 deg. 16 min., Srit Salensen died, and was buried in the waves. On November 27th, in latitude 35 deg. 5 min., longitude 74 deg. 28 min., just off Cape Hatteras, we fell in with a hurricane from the northeast, which piled up a very heavy sea. The storm lasted three days, but we had rough weather up to the time of our arrival in this port. In that storm the sea broke over the decks, flooded the cabin, and tore away a part of the bulwarks. We had to throw over a considerable portion of our cargo. We were very short-handed then, and when we got to Boston we had hardly half a dozen available seamen."

The *Besse* was not the only Boston vessel that saw the result of the earthquake. The *Anahuac*, Capt. W. H. Summers, arrived at that

port from Calcutta a little in advance of the *Besse*. According to Capt. Summers, on Aug. 27th, when the ship was lying becalmed in latitude 6 deg. 10 min. south, longitude 89 deg. 51 min. east, or at a point several hundred miles from the disturbance, a loud report was heard from the eastward. Thinking that it was heavy ordnance, he ordered a man to the masthead to see if the ship was in sight. While he was aloft four more reports were heard in quick succession, which made the vessel quiver and tremble in every beam. It was then thought that it must be a heavy earthquake, and soon afterwards the sun became obscured and it grew dark, although it had previously been very clear. The reports were heard about noon. The next morning, the 28th, the decks were found to be covered with a fine white sand, and the sea filled with pumice stone. The shower continued more than two days, and was swept off the deck by shovelfuls. The captain gathered a bottlefull of it. He thought the phenomena were caused by the earth passing through a meteoric shower, and knew nothing of the earthquake until he called at St. Helena, where he was told of some of the particulars. He met an English vessel which had been showered with sand, though her position was 600 miles away from the *Anahuac* at the time of the earthquake.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

THE EDITOR of the *New York Tribune*, in reply to a young man just entering business life who asked advice about the books most likely to help him, wrote:

The best single treatise is the *New Testament*; next to this is the Book of Proverbs of Solomon.

CANNIBALS IN NEW-GUINEA.

THE EXPERIENCE OF LEROY STRICKLAND.

In a dimly lighted room on the third floor of a sailors' boarding-house in James Slip, Leroy Strickland last night told a story of his adventures in New-Guinea, where three years ago he encountered a band of cannibals and narrowly escaped death at their hands. He is just recovering from a fit of sickness. He arrived in this country a few weeks ago and was immediately prostrated by the exposure to which he had been subjected and by the unaccustomed severity of a sailor's life. He told his story haltingly and in tones that best expressed the fearful adventure through which he had passed.

"I was a painter in New-South Wales, Australia," he said, "and had been doing well for some years. I had accumulated a little property and was tolerably contented with my lot. About four years ago the Temora gold fields were opened in my Province and the gold-fever swept everything. I sold out my stock, abandoned my business, and, with the money I had scraped together, I went with the crowd to Temora. There a party of us staked off our claims and worked together for ten months, when the field played out, and we went back to Cookstown, North Queensland. Some time before we got to Cookstown the Government of Queensland sent a French surveyor out to New-Guinea in a small steamer in order to prospect the country previous to another attempt at annexation. He was attacked by natives, but succeeded in killing several and returned to Cookstown without injury. He gave a glowing account of the country, and said that there were gold pockets all along the

coast and mines in the interior. This news was sufficient to start the spirit of adventure among my companions of Temora, and we agreed to fit out two heavy life-boats, stock them with provisions and make our way across to New-Guinea to find gold. It was on November 19th, 1880, that ten of us, in two boats, started from Cookstown. We rowed across to Thursday Island, where we took in a quantity of provisions and had heavy wire nettings built over our boats to protect us from the weapons of the savages. It took us a day to row from the island to New-Guinea owing to head winds. We arrived at the coast near the mouth of the Fly River and rowed our boats directly into the stream. The country appeared to us to be deserted and we made several landings where we found gold in small quantities. We continued up the river until we had got, as near as we could reckon, about fifteen miles into the interior. Observing a bluff some distance from the shore we rowed up to the beach and prepared to land, taking with us our rifles slung across our backs, and pans for washing the gold. Six men landed, four remaining to care for the boats.

"We had not been on shore for more than half an hour when a party of natives, numbering perhaps twenty-five, appeared on the bluff and began throwing their weapons at us. We unslung our rifles and drove them back. We walked about half a mile back from the shores of the river and were congratulating ourselves on the success of our venture when we heard deafening yells and saw nearly two hundred howling sav-

ages rushing toward us at their utmost speed. It was too late to make any defense. We could do nothing but escape with our lives at best. Throwing everything of any weight we had about us to the ground, we sprang in the direction of the boats, but not before William Guiteau had been killed by a *wadi-wadi*. On our way to the shore George Johnson was also killed by a boomerang, and as I was crawling into one of the boats a boomerang struck me on the head and I lost consciousness. When we were once in the boats we were safe, but then we saw what a terrible fate had befallen our dead companions. As we rowed away we saw the cannibals seize the bodies and strip them. Then they carried them to the top of the bluff and built a fire around which, as the flames grew fiercer, they circled at a maddened pace. They howled and shrieked in exultation at their victory, and after they had exhausted themselves they squatted about the fire and threw our companions into the flames. I noticed that the human flesh burned with a blue flame and the sight was such a horrible one that I fainted. When I recovered I saw them tearing the flesh from the bones and eating it amid the most discordant sounds I ever heard, and after they had finished the fearful repast they jumped to their feet again. As we passed around a curve in the river they were still shrieking like incarnate fiends.

"Besides the men who were killed, Henry Peters and George Thomas were badly wounded with spears. When we arrived at Thursday Island they were treated at a hospital. When we got back to Cookstown our story effectually prevented any like adventures.

The natives are a hardy race, small in stature, and hideously ugly in appearance. Their weapons are the *nulla-nulla*, a long spear with a heavy bowl on one end, which they use as a club; the *wadi-wadi*, a spear five feet long, with a noose at one end, inside of which is a spike, which they use to catch and spear their enemy; and the boomerang, which, in their hands, is as effectual as a pistol ball. The country is fertile and full of mineral wealth; but the natives are the worst of cannibals. They have murdered missionaries and ships' crews that have landed on the coast, and the only manner in which the country can be civilized is by annihilating the natives. They are not dangerous near the coast because men-of-war shell the bush every few weeks, but the country will never cease to be unsafe until it ceases to be a bone of contention between France and New-South Wales."—*N. Y. Tribune*, January 9th, 1884.

Sailors Badly Frozen.
TWO SHIP'S CREWS RENDERED
HELPLESS BY COLD—DEATH
OR AMPUTATION.

The English bark *Mohawk* came eastward through Hell Gate, Saturday, in company with the tug *William P. Thompson*.

Aboard her were Capt. Crossland, Sound pilot John O'Brien of New York, three mates, a crew of thirteen persons, one of the owners, Capt. Claude James of New York, and a cargo of oil. She was bound for Calcutta. Captain Crossland took the Long Island Sound course to reach open water so that his men could get the ship cleared up for the voyage while inshore. The wind and cold in-

creased every hour after the tug returned to New York. The water splashed over the decks and upon the sails, and was frozen immediately. The work of the sailors soon became extremely arduous. The crew were chiefly Japanese and natives of the South of Europe. They could not bear the cold. It was found necessary to change the man at the wheel every ten minutes to save him from freezing to death. Pilot O'Brien says that in his thirty years' experience on the water he has never passed such a night as that was. It was inky black and the pilot was compelled to use his own judgment in keeping the ship in deep water. The brisk north-west wind had sent the bark bowling through the Sound, even with the light spread of canvas that the crew were able to shake out.

Sunday morning, not only the cold did not decrease, but a steamy, yellow fog encompassed the ship, and prevented the pilot from making out his whereabouts. He thought that he must be in the neighborhood of Cornfield light boat and Faulkner's Island. The wind veered to the north, and with an almost unparalleled fierceness threatened to do mischief to the ship if land was not descried soon or the crew did not recover from the effects of the cold and become able to attend to their duties. The changing wind shut him off from New London harbor, so he resolved to try to reach New Haven. The ship was covered with ice and snow. None among the crew had escaped from frost bites, and some of them were so badly frozen that their limbs refused to respond to duty. About eight o'clock it was resolved to shake out and set the foresail, in order to make harbor as soon as possible. As many of

the crew as were able climbed the glazed forerigging, and, with their teeth and half-frozen hands, loosened the stiffened gaskets.

One man, Oneyta O'Keeche, was heard to groan, and, loosening his hold on the rigging, fell with an agonized cry to the deck, a distance of 25 feet. His frozen limbs were broken, and under the combined influence of the frost and the pain he died in intense suffering in a few hours.

At eight o'clock Sunday night the bark cast anchor five miles outside the New Haven lighthouse. The wind died out entirely. The stiff sails were not taken in. The snow storm of Monday morning prevented Pilot O'Brien from coming ashore in the small boat, and there were not able-bodied men enough on the ship to handle the long-boat. Signals of distress were flying all day from the *Mohawk's* masthead, but they attracted no attention.

Early Christmas morning Mr. O'Brien rowed into New Haven and gave notice of the *Mohawk's* distressed condition. A boat put off for the bark and brought Captain James ashore. At midnight a tug brought the whole crew to that city. They are now being cared for at the State Hospital in New Haven.—*N.Y. Tribune, Dec. 27th, 1883.*

Protecting the Pilots.

MR. SEGUINE'S THEORY OF THE LOSS OF PILOT BOAT NO. 8.

At yesterday's meeting the Pilot Board passed a new by-law, which provides that every steam-ship entering or leaving this port, which does not come to a stand-still when receiving or discharging a pilot, or which fails to render the latter all necessary assistance at

the time; shall be fined \$25 for each offense. Pilots who wilfully or through negligence cause unnecessary delay to vessels while in the act of boarding or leaving will be subject to the same fine for each offense.

Mr. Henry Seguine, the surviving owner of pilot-boat No. 8, which was run down off Fire Island by the steam-ship *Alaska* on Dec. 3rd, has submitted to the Pilot Commissioners a communication, in which he gives his theory of the disaster. Mr. Seguine says that from the conflicting statements which have been made by the various witnesses it is evident that the *Alaska* was being handled with too much headway on for safety, when approaching the pilot-boat. According to his theory the pilots, when they thought the ship was near enough, wore their boat around and brought her to the wind on the starboard tack, heading from west to west by north. This manœuvre was doubtless made because it would have been almost impossible to have launched the yawl and manned it while the pilot-boat was running in the trough of a heavy sea with a gale blowing. The yawl, dropping clear of the pilot-boat, was probably capsized by the swash from the *Alaska's* bow and fell alongside the steamer. When the yawl was near the stern, or at least abaft the bridge, the propeller was set going astern and then the collision took place. Capt. Murray and his men stated that No. 8 attempted to cross the *Alaska's* bow, but this was probably only apparent. In reality the *Alaska's* head must have fallen off to port owing to the gale on her starboard bow and the backing of her engines with the helm to port. In the excitement of the moment no one no-

ticed the compasses, but all were watching the *Columbia*. Under these circumstances she appeared to cross the bows of the *Alaska*, while in reality the latter was swinging to port and bringing the pilot-boat ahead and under her bow. She was still going at 5 to 10 knots an hour. Had Captain Murray been equal to the emergency he would have let his engines remain quiet until the men in the water were clear of the stern.—*N. Y. Times*, December 19th, 1883.

Captain Samuel Samuels.

This noted captain became famous in the clipper *Dreadnought*, and it used to be said that with a strong wind nothing ever passed her,—not even a steamer. Built in Newburyport, for Governor E. D. Morgan, Captain Samuels, and others, she was named after the famous vessel in Admiral Nelson's fleet, her owners sending to England to get the right spelling of the name, which they found to be *Dreadnought*, and not *Dreadnaught*. Her keel was laid in June, 1853, and her first return trip from Liverpool made in February, 1854. On that voyage she scudded into celebrity by reaching Sandy Hook as soon as the Cunard steamer *Canada*, which had left Liverpool one day earlier, reached Boston. In 1859 she made 3,000 miles from Sandy Hook to Rock Light, Liverpool, in thirteen days and eight hours; and in 1860 went from Sandy Hook to Queenstown, 2,760 miles, in the unequalled sailing time of nine days and seventeen hours. How often a first-class steamship has been longer in going the same distance! Captain Samuels had a phenomenal experience on a return trip from Liverpool in 1862. While in the "tempestuous forties" he saw a big sea coming, and shouted to the sailors to hasten forward, while he put himself under the bulwarks, with one leg around a spar. The wave struck, sending him whirling across the deck, and leaving him leaning half over the bulwarks on the other side,

with a gash in his head and one leg broken. Just as he was about to topple over into the water in an unconscious state he was rescued by several of his men, and on coming to himself was lying upon a wet sofa in the cabin, on the floor of which were several inches of water, his fore-leg fractured, and the bone protruding through the flesh. As there was no surgeon on board, to captain proposed to amputate the limb himself, but yielded to the remonstrance of his officers, who, by putting forth their strength, succeeded in pulling the leg straight, but could not keep it so. In the confusion the men left the wheel; the tiller was heard surging to and fro. The disabled captain gave orders to secure it. Presently it broke off, and then the rudder went too. For three days the *Dreadnought* lay in the trough of an angry sea, while the sailors, under the direction of the captain, who was constantly suffering the most excruciating tortures, constructed a new rudder. Successful at last, they were lowering it over the stern of the ship when the straps that held it broke, and down it fell into the sea. They were at this time 600 miles from the island of Fayal, and the wounded captain, still lying on his back in that wet cabin, after using every effort by way of sweep or drag to turn her head to the southward, and unable to give the matter his personal attention, resolved to back his vessel toward that port. For a distance of 280 miles he actually performed this almost incredible feat, and nautical readers will be interested to learn how he did it. In his own words:—"The ship was swinging with head to northward; it was calm weather, with the swell from the west. Fayal bore south by east, magnetic, and during the afternoon a slight breeze sprung up from the west-southwest, westerly, and we did all we possibly could to turn the ship's head southward by using a drag from the starboard quarter, and by throwing another drag, consisting of a water cask with one head out, from the starboard cat-head, as soon as the ship's head paid off. Each drag had a tendency to turn her to the eastward, we expecting finally to turn her to the southward, and thus to get her on the course to Fayal. It blew a royal breeze, and she paid off with her head-sails, no seals being set aft, until she brought the wind well on her quarter: but after ten hours of strenuous effort we found it impossible to get her head in the proposed direction. So we took in the drags, furled all the head-

sails and all the canvas on the foremast, set all the square sails on the mizzen-mast, the whole of the maintopsail, and the starboard clew of the mainsail, and threw sharp back every sail that was set. The tendency was to give her a stern board (*i. e.*, to sail her stern first). By keeping the sails trimmed flat back on those two masts, the ship was backed two hundred and eighty miles, the weather continuing mild and spring-like, the winds steady at the west, and the ship's stern heading directly for Fayal, which then bore south, magnetic. At this time we were able to ship our second rudder, and in a short time we entered Fayal Harbor, fourteen days after the disaster." There the captain had himself hoisted overboard in a box, to which his mattress and himself were lashed, he cutting the rope by which the box was suspended at the moment that a favorable wave lifted the boat that was waiting to receive it and him. The water being too rough to allow landing him at the pier, he was carried three miles below, where some natives waded out from the beach, and took him ashore and to the hotel. The Portuguese surgeons decided at once that the leg must be cut off; but the captain, in great agony, replied that he had come into the world with two legs, and he proposed to take two out with him; that as for amputation, he could have performed that himself two weeks before, and that he had made his perilous and torturing journey to Fayal for something better than the knife. It took fifty-one days to repair his ship, and then the captain, with his leg in splinters, but so incompetently treated that the fractured bones were not in their normal place, was borne aboard of her, in spite of many protestations, and set sail for home. All he owned in the world was in the *Dreadnought*, and he would not leave her. At last he found himself in Brooklyn, and lay in bed from February to December, 1863. When he arose he had forgotten how to walk. Captain Samuels left his father's house when eleven years old to become a sailor, and when twenty-one years old was master of a ship. He had a thrilling adventure in quelling a mutiny once, during which some sailors went at him with knives. In his house is Walters's fine oil-painting of the *Dreadnought*, the lithograph of which was printed until the stone was entirely worn out, so great was the demand for the picture.—*G. W. Sheldon, in Harper's Magazine for January.*

WORK AMONG SEAMEN.

CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

At Stations on the Foreign Field.

Chili, S. A.

VALPARAISO.

Rev. A. M. MERWIN, who is ministering most acceptably to the Spanish speaking Protestant congregation in Valparaiso, has just arrived in this city on a brief vacation. He brings encouraging word from Rev. Dr. TRUMBULL, and other workers on the Pacific coast, and is expecting large results from the labors of Rev. FRANK THOMPSON in his new field as chaplain to seamen, which he doubtless, has, by this time, reached.

Rev. Mr. Merwin is the bearer of the following communication, which shows the nature of the work to be done all along the South American coast, and the quality of the men who are personally interested in it.

*Work among Seamen in Valparaiso,
Chili.*

"The Christian people of this city have a local missionary society, which is doing good work in various directions. It is called the Union Missionary Society of Valparaiso, and is composed mainly if not entirely of the members of the Union Church, of which Rev. Dr. TRUMBULL and Rev. Mr. DODGE are the pastors. This society does not restrict its work to any one field, or department, or community, but works with equal zeal in other cities on the coast, in work among natives, foreigners and seamen.

"In this latter department this society has now joined hands with the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, to labor among the many sailors who are constantly in this port. For some time past the position of seamen's chaplain has been vacant. Work, however, has not stopped. The clergymen and capable laymen of the city have responded to the need, and have maintained a religious service on shipboard every Lord's day. The response of the sailors to the invitation to attend service on one of the ships has been encouraging in the extreme. The attendance has been from forty to one hundred. Several persons from shore have gone on board to assist in the sing-

ing. The writer has taken his turn as preacher and can bear testimony to the earnest attention of the men. In all his ministry he has never so enjoyed the pleasure of preaching as among the sailors. To meet these men occasionally on the Lord's day and to attempt to tell them of Jesus and his love is only a beginning of a possible work. They need visitation and personal conversation. Their stay is brief. Whatever impressions are made need deepening and strengthening. They need the fellowship of warm Christian sympathy. This can only be given them by some one whose whole time is put at the disposal of the sailors. It is a matter of congratulation that the societies above named have found a man to take up this great work. Rev. FRANK THOMPSON is expected soon to be the Seamen's Chaplain in Valparaiso.

"Our American friends of the seamen may feel hopeful at the possibilities for good this field opens, and may know that the man they are sending to this work is coming to those who, not only need such ministrations, but are hungry for the truth and for Christian counsel and sympathy. Some may not see why the sailors cannot go on shore to church. Only those unfamiliar with their conditions would have any trouble on that point.

"To go from one ship to another for two hours is a very simple matter, for a prompt return is certain, but to go ashore means an exposure to the temptation to wander away and not return on time. The permission to be off ship will be more freely given, and besides the sailor is at home on ship-board, but is a stranger to churches in that he feels that he is in a new and unusual place. The outlook for Mr. Thompson is very hopeful. When he is established and becomes known, the response of the men will be far greater than can be expected under other circumstances.

"We are sure a warm welcome will be extended to this new worker in this new field by all on the ground now laboring in other directions. He may be certain also of earnest and prompt co-operation by the friends of his special work here, of whom there are very many."

J. M. A.

Valparaiso, November 24th, 1883.

At Ports In the United States.

New York.

NEW YORK CITY.

Mr. C. A. BORELLA's report of missionary labor at the Sailors' Home, 190 Cherry St., for the last quarter of 1883, has the following:—

“ Looking over the past twelve months I feel that we have great cause to praise the Lord whose grace has been manifested in the conversion of many sinners, and has furthered abundantly His work among the men of the sea. Many have been the mercies of God our Father, faithful the loving care of the dear Master whom we serve.

* * * * *

“ Since my last report, several seamen have professed a change of heart and gone to sea new creatures in Christ Jesus.—In my visitations to boarding-houses and vessels in port, as I have distributed the word of God and conversed with sailors on the ‘one thing needful,’ and given them invitations to attend the means of grace, I have often been cheered by seeing numbers of them coming to church on the Sabbath day, and on week day evenings.

“ My work in the different seamen's hospitals has been very much blest to those who through affliction were led to think of the world to come, and to make the preparation necessary to enter the kingdom of God when called to render their final account for their deeds done in the body.

“ I have also, as heretofore, visited a number of poor and sick seamen's families, whom through the kindness of the Society and of Christian gentlemen, I have aided in their extreme poverty and distress.”

For the same three months Mr. D. C. SLATER, seamen's missionary, reported:—

General Labor—Encouragement.

“ I have paid visits to vessels of all classes lying on the water front between the Atlantic Avenue and Hamilton Avenue ferries, South Brooklyn, and on the Atlantic Basin and its water front, also on the Wallabout Basin, Brooklyn, Eastern District, and on the water front between

Grand Street ferry and Stanton Street, East River, New York. In these visits distribution of religious reading was freely made to officers and seamen on board and to families on canal boats, with the usual invitation to attend religious services. Many of the families on these boats lying in winter quarters in the Basins, regularly attend church services, and express great interest in religious work. On a late visit a captain happily said,—‘I tell you the attendance at the Bethel last Sabbath was large; there was hardly room for one more.’ In visiting the English steamships I frequently find the crews busily engaged in the duties of the ship. At such times the officers have cheerfully received from me religious reading with a promise that they would see it distributed to the men when at leisure. These acts of courtesy give fresh encouragement and renewed strength to the missionary while endeavoring to faithfully perform his duty, often amid the trials of his labors on shipboard.

In Sailor Boarding Houses.

“ I have continued my visits to sailor boarding houses as in the past, and though they are of the same character as those made to vessels, yet I have found the former to be easier of access. Of all fields of labor the boarding houses constitute the best, wherein the missionary can reach the sailor. There many sailors are found, especially at this season of the year, and by constant visitations of the missionaries numbers are induced to attend the day and evening services held especially for them, some of whom, at these meetings, are led to confess Christ as their Savior.

“ In view of many of these houses being surrounded by places of vice with their various forms of temptation, it is a remarkable and manifest evidence of God's blessing upon the work. One of these saloon keepers objected to my invitation to the sailors while, as he said, they were enjoying themselves in his saloon, adding,—‘It is time to give them a rest.’ I simply replied,—‘That will be, ‘when the wicked cease from troubling.’”

In Religious Meetings—At the Sailors' Home.

“ My labors in the meetings, especially those in the upper room in the SAILORS' HOME in connection with the chapel services, have been much blessed. During the quarter some have been converted

here. One, a young man, while prayer was being offered, hastily and audibly began praying very fervently. As I looked upon his face I saw his devotion and wondered at his haste. I soon learned the cause, as one of his shipmates came to the door and beckoned him to go on board ship. He had just a little time to spare, and the best and sweetest place to spend it was here, where a few days before he had found his Savior.

"Another, a sceptic, attending these meetings, declared that if the sailors at the HOME were not converted, it would not be the fault of the missionaries. This man went on board his vessel much impressed, taking with him a Bible presented by the missionary, with a promise that he would carefully and prayerfully read it.

At U. S. Marine Hospital, Etc.

"In my visits to the Marine Hospitals on Staten Island, N. Y., and in U. S. Naval Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y., I have supplied the patients with religious reading, held religious conversation, and at times have offered prayer, at their bedside, and otherwise ministered to their needs. One of the visits most precious to me was made to the aged inmates of the Sailors' Snug Harbor, Staten Island. By kind invitation of Chaplain JONES I was privileged to take part in the services here. It was inspiring to hear so many aged seamen relate their Christian experience, not a few of them being converted in these meetings. One of these aged seamen spoke of his determination to live a Christian life, having been strongly impressed by the exemplary life and peaceful death of Capt. CALDER, one of the inmates, aged 89 years.

Personal.

"The interest was enhanced by a visit to the room in which I was converted twenty-three years ago, and where I knelt in prayer with the inmate who now occupies it.

"In closing this report I would add that I have assisted the aged and afflicted into hospitals and asylums. With gratitude and thanksgiving to God for the blessings that have attended my way, I now close this last report for the year 1883."

STAPLETON, S. I.

Rev. Dr. F. M. KIP, chaplain at the U. S. Marine Hospital (formerly the "Seamen's Retreat") writes, dating December, 1883:

"Since my last report I have continued to prosecute my labors among the seamen. To me, my work has been interesting, to some of the seamen. I think, permanently beneficial. I visit every ward and endeavor to converse with the men individually. Occasionally one is found who evidently would prefer being left alone. Such I endeavor to ingratiate by words and acts of kindness. In most cases, however, I have free access to the men, and find no difficulty in conversing with them.

"The New York Bible Society have supplied my request for the Testament in various languages, and the American Tract Society, its Tracts and illustrated papers. I offer a New Testament to every one willing to receive it. The offer is seldom declined. I have also received and distributed a large number of periodicals.

"Dr. SAWTELLE, Surgeon in charge, (whose uniform kindness and courtesy I gratefully acknowledge) has assigned me, since November 1st, a comfortable and large ward for preaching services, and the room is always prepared for Sabbath exercises. On the 11th November I preached for the first time to a few auditors. Since that day the service has been regularly maintained. On the 26th of that month, an organ admirably adapted for our purposes, was received,—the gift of a benevolent lady,—to whom not only do I give thanks, but also all who are interested in the spiritual welfare of the patients. On the next Sabbath, it was used for the first time, the attendants on the service being much more numerous. Through this service, I hope and believe, blessed results will ensue.

"In respect to the full issues of my labors, here, they cannot be known in this world, but we have God's promise to rest upon, that His word shall not return to Him void. Some of the patients received are only suffering from temporary indisposition, and remain but a short time and then leave, perhaps never to be seen by us again. Still the word spoken to them may prove to be good seed, bringing forth much fruit. Yet from my jottings in my note book, I can select some facts which may prove interesting and encouraging to you:—

"September 14th.—Had an interesting conversation with an Norwegian sailor. 17th, another conversation. Christ, I trust, is drawing him to himself. 21st and 23d, continued conversations. 25th, he told me he had thought of his soul's

interests previously to entering the institution, but never as he has since the time he came to the Hospital. Now, he says, he has taken Christ as his Savior with a sincere determination to be His servant. *October 5th.* He appears very firm in his profession. Same, *October 10th.*

"October 19th."—Two of the patients expressed their thankfulness to God for bringing them to the Hospital, in view of the spiritual benefits here received.

"October, 28th."—An American sailor (with whom I have had repeated conversation,) thinks he has given his heart to Christ.

"One case which deeply interested me, is that of a seaman from Philadelphia.

"At the commencement of my labors last summer I found in one of the wards a mariner, evidently declining in health, with whom I had a long conversation. He had been in many different lands, an acute and attentive observer of all he saw and heard. He had read much and thought much. He conversed very freely, and left on my mind the impression that he thought the religion of the heathen as good as the religion of Christ. I intended repeating my visit, but on the next day he left the hospital in a pet.

"November 1st."—I found him again in the Hospital. His breathing was short, his whole appearance indicative of the near approach of death. He is extremely anxious respecting his eternal welfare, feels his need of Christ, but seems almost overwhelmed with a sense of his unworthiness. I endeavored to convince him of the hearty willingness of Christ to receive him immediately. After praying with him I gave him at his own request a copy of the Bible.

"November 4th."—My interview with him to-day proved very encouraging. The change in the man is marked. His infidel sentiments have all been relinquished. Like Saul of Tarsus, 'he prayeth' and that constantly. In the very strongest terms he speaks of his disgust with his past mode of life, and of the loath-someness with which he regards himself, and of his most earnest desire to be received of God in mercy through his Son. He says he cannot be sufficiently humble in view of the past. I told him, he could not be too humble, but that while he laid in the dust of self-abasement he must look on Christ in His glory."

BROOKLYN U. S. NAVY YARD.

"In commencing," says Rev. E. N. CRANE, chaplain, dating Dec. 31st, 1883,

"regular quarterly reports of my renewed chaplaincy work in connection with the Society, I feel that I have great reason for thankfulness on account of the auspicious manner in which the way has been opened, in every respect, to my field of labor at the Yard in Brooklyn. I could not have expected or asked that everything should have been more ready to my hand, therefore all the more do I feel the responsibility resting upon me to faithfully discharge the duties of the position to the best of my ability. I am heartily glad to get back into my old familiar work among the seamen, after so long an enforced respite.

"My present report will cover the two-thirds of the quarter since I received my commission. From the first Sabbath in November stated morning service has been regularly held in Library Hall and Chapel on Cob Dock, and more social services on Sabbath afternoon and Wednesday evening. The attendance has been as large a proportion of the seamen and marines aboard the Receiving Ship *Colorado* and other ships at the Yard as could reasonably be expected, varying from twenty-five or thirty to over one hundred, according to occasion. When the number on duty, or ashore on liberty, and the Roman Catholics (one-half or more) who will rarely attend,—especially on Sabbath morning when they have a service of their own,—are deducted, the above attendance from the remainder, which is, of course, entirely optional, may be regarded as very encouraging. There have not been much more than one hundred recruits on the Receiving Ship at any one time since I came. From these, and from the regular crew of a little over one hundred more, the attendance mainly comes. When the number of recruits, or of men sent to the Receiving Ship from other ships going out of commission, increases, as it does at times to several hundred, there will be a much larger number to reach. They are coming and going all the time, so that there are a great many here in the course of a year.

"The men seem to appreciate what is done for their benefit and interested in the religious services. Several, as before mentioned, have openly testified their desire and purpose to consecrate themselves to the Lord's service and have occasionally taken part in our social meetings.

"Messrs. A. HALL and C. WALTON of the Y. M. C. A., and Mr. THOMAS W. Woods, and other Brooklyn friends, have continued to show their interest, as here-

tofore, in the Navy Yard work and rendered most efficient aid. Mr. Walton and a number of ladies have especially assisted in the music, and our new set of 'Gospel Hymns Combined,' donated by Mr. G. H. CREED, are most acceptable and useful in this department.

"The addition of thirty-five choice volumes to our Seamen's Library, as well as a liberal supply of seamen's papers and magazines and tracts by the Society is gratefully acknowledged, also generous contributions of *N. Y. Observers*, *Evangelists*, *Christian Advocates*, *Baptist Weeklies*, *Parish Visitors*, *Illustrated Christian Weeklies*, and *American Messengers*,—the recent as well as back numbers,—from the offices of these papers, and many miscellaneous papers and magazines from other sources.

"Thus far I have distributed about 900 papers and magazines, 4,500 pages of tracts, 40 Bibles, Testaments and Psalms in four languages, and 26 Common Prayer Books.

"The temperance cause has been earnestly presented in some of our meetings by Mr. WILLIAM MURPHY, a son of FRANCIS MURPHY, the popular temperance lecturer, and others. As a result fifty have signed the total abstinence pledge. From every aspect of our work we have reason to thank God and take courage."

New Jersey.

JERSEY CITY.

Captain W. B. WRIGHT reported, Jan. 11th, as follows:—

"The Bethel ship is again at her old place, (foot of 15th Street, N. R.) having been obliged to move on account of repairs on the dock. We observe with others the 'Week of Prayer.' There is a good interest for the welfare of souls. We shall continue the meetings every night, (except Saturday,) as long as we think it advisable, and we ask the prayers of all God's children upon the effort put forth here for the salvation of souls and the advancement of God's kingdom in this part of His vineyard. We are thankful to the SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY for the much needed help it gives us every year.

"May the blessing of God rest on your every good word and work!"

Virginia.

NORFOLK.

Dating Dec. 31st, 1883, Chaplain J. B. MERRITT writes:—

"I have visited 630 vessels, distributed 6,982 pages of tracts, 948 seamen's and other papers, 218 magazines, and 48 Bibles and Testaments. The Bethel work for this quarter has been interesting and profitable, the attendance and attention good. The Sunday School work showed a little improvement. I have visited, regularly, as usual, the hospital and occasionally the jail. We have had interesting week-night services, and occasional temperance meetings. I have buried several seamen, among them one,—an aged man afflicted for years,—who died trusting in Jesus."

Georgia.

SAVANNAH.

Chaplain R. WEBB, reporting Dec. 31st, '83, said:—

"Our wharves have been well lined with shipping the past two months, and attendance at the Bethel has improved. Still it has not been what I should like to see it, but a large proportion of the vessels have been Scandinavian, and the sailors manning the American coasting schooners are three-fourths foreigners or colored men. I am still in hope of getting the Port Society to move the Bethel back to the old place on the bay near the shipping. Our Annual Meeting will take place (D. V.) on the second Lord's day in January, and then something will be decided."

Obituary.

SALMON CROSSETT.

Writing from Hartford, Conn., January 5th, a friend says:—

"He died, December 25th, 1883. In his death your Society, as many other societies of benevolence, lost a firm friend. He gave away all that he did not use to supply his immediate needs, and every

gift was winged with earnest prayer that God's blessing should accompany it."

GEORGE W. LANE.

We are indebted to the *N. Y. Tribune* of Dec. 31st, '83, for facts in relation to this Christian man, whose sudden death on the previous day removed from many circles of Christian interest and activity, one who was prominent and zealous in each. The record above cited says:—

"GEORGE W. LANE, president of the Chamber of Commerce, died suddenly of Bright's disease of the kidneys yesterday morning. He was down town as usual on Saturday, attended to business connected with the Aqueduct Commission at 3 p. m., and early in the evening entertained a party of clergymen belonging to the Chi Alpha Society at his home. At 8 o'clock he complained of a headache, and soon after retiring at 10 o'clock he became unconscious and remained so until his death, which occurred at an hour after midnight.

"Mr. Lane was born on January 8th, 1818, a few miles from Lake Mahopac, Putnam County, in this State. His father, who was a prominent man in the county, died soon after the birth of his son. His mother came to New York in 1824. When fourteen years of age, the boy entered the employ of Bettner & Wright, general grocers, doing business in Front St. He was afterward a clerk in a store owned by J. W. Halstead. While in the employ of Mr. Halstead he attracted the attention of William F. Havemeyer, who afterward became his warm friend, and from whom he received much valuable assistance in shaping his course in life. At Mr. Havemeyer's instance and through his influence, Mr. Lane became a partner about the year 1840 with David Hustace, under the style of Hustace & Lane. At the time of the death of his partner in 1841, he associated with himself James J. Craig, a brother-in-law of Mr. Havemeyer. The firm, which was engaged in the general grocery business, was then housed at No. 190 but afterward returned to No. 173 Front St. In 1856 Mr. Craig retired and Louis Bonnell and Russell Crane were admitted as partners under the firm name of George W. Lane & Co. The business

in 1863 had increased to such an extent that Mr. Lane determined to give up the general grocery trade and confine himself to teas exclusively. As the result of this decision two firms were formed,—Mr. Bonnell with William Adams, son of the late Rev. Dr. William Adams, forming the firm of Bonnell & Adams, continued the general grocery business; and Mr. Lane, Mr. Crane and Morris Woodruff, son of the late Judge Woodruff and son-in-law of Mr. Lane, continued the importing and jobbing of teas at No. 93 Front St. Mr. Crane retired in 1875, and Thomas A. Phelan has since been admitted to the firm.

"When Mr. Havemeyer was elected Mayor of this city he offered Mr. Lane the position of City Chamberlain, which office he accepted, much against his inclination. By the faithful discharge of his duties while acting in that capacity he gained for himself the approbation of the entire community. In 1864 Mr. Lane was a delegate from the Union League Club to the National capital to further the passage of the bill to secure the constitutional amendment for the abolition of slavery. At the time of his death he was president of the Chamber of Commerce, a trustee of the Seamen's Savings Bank, the Atlantic Mutual Insurance Company, the Central Trust Company, and Sailors' Snug Harbor; a Director of the Fulton National Bank, the Merchants' National and the Continental Insurance Company. He was also president of the Port Society, president of the Board of Trustees of the Presbyterian Hospital, and a member of the Aqueduct Commission.

"Mr. Lane was married Oct. 8th, 1840, to Anna A., daughter of Archibald Buckley, who was the mother of his nine children, six of whom are still living. Mrs. Lane died in 1860. In 1866 Mr. Lane married Harriet C., daughter of William C. Gilman. After her death in 1881, he married Louisa, a younger sister of his late wife, in May of the present year. Of the four daughters who survive the death of their father, one married Morris Woodruff, another Dr. Henry C. Eno, the third William F. Bridge, and the fourth E. C. Stanton. Mr. Lane was considered by all who knew him as a man of sound business integrity and upright character. Although modest and retiring in nature, he was always a leader more from the force of circumstances and the demands of his associates, than from his own choice."

BENJAMIN N. MARTIN.

The cause of seamen's evangelization lost a good friend, in the sudden decease, Dec. 26th, 1883, of Prof. MARTIN of the University of the City of New York. By speech, by prayer and by consecration of substance,—he, for years, attested his sense of sailors' needs, and their claims upon the Christian community, and his appreciation of the work of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY. Prof. MARTIN was born in Mount Holly, N. J., 20th Oct., 1816, and died 26th Dec., in New York City, aged 67 years, 2 months and 6 days. He graduated at Yale in the class of 1837 with Drs. Chapin, Coe, Yerkes and Stone, and William M. Evarts, Edwards Pierrepont and Benjamin Silliman, Jr., studying theology there, also, and graduating in 1840. For a year he preached in the Carmine St. church in New York; from 1843 to 1847 he was pastor at Hadley, Mass.; and for the next three years he preached in Albany, N. Y. In 1850, he was elected to the professorship of philosophy and logic in the University of the City of New York, which he held for the rest of his life. He received the degree of S. T. D. from Columbia College in 1862. He was a valued contributor to many journals, and in 1873 lectured before the Yale Theological School upon the Natural Theology of the Doctrine of the Forces. In 1842 he married Louisa C. Strobel of New York, who died a few months ago. Prof. D. S. Martin of Rutgers Female College in this city, is their son.

Rev. Dr. Damon's Sermon.

We give much space in this MAGAZINE to the sermon preached by Rev. S. C. DAMON, D. D., of Honolulu, H. I., on the fiftieth anniversary of the dedication of the Bethel Church in H., but we feel certain that our readers gain thereby a most weighty and instructive view of the good work done by this chaplaincy of our Society for the last half century. In

its historic value, the discourse will amply repay perusal and preservation. The bow of this good man who preached it has long abode in strength upon his island home, and it was, no doubt, with reluctance that many persons listened to his closing words, as it has been with kindred feeling that we have read them.

Further as to "The Savannah."

From Hartford, Conn., "H. C. B." writing January 14th, 1884, substantiates recent statements in the MAGAZINE, as follows:—

"In the paragraph 'Verities of History,' page 25 of the current volume, you are quite right in your statement that the *Savannah* was the first steamer to cross the Atlantic.

"May I ask you to refer your 'friend in New Jersey' to my article in *Harper's Monthly* for February, 1877, where he will find full details of the voyage taken from the log-book of the *Savannah* still in possession of the descendants of Capt. MOSES ROGERS, its commander.

"The story of the cruise of the *Savannah* is often received with incredulity, and notwithstanding many notices of the memorable voyage, the credit of a first ocean steamer is often given to the *Sirius* and the *Great Western*."

Likely to do Good.

A pastor in Connecticut, many of whose constituents know all about the sea and seamen, in transmitting the donation of his church for a loan library for sailors, writes:—

"I send you my check for twenty dollars to purchase a library for seamen. I have collected this money from the Baptist Church, Groton Heights, Conn., of which I am pastor. We observe one Sunday evening each month as a prayer-meeting in behalf of seafarers. We read selections from the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, and as many of our brethren have been sailors, the meetings are largely attended and are increasingly interesting. We take up a collection at each meeting for seamen."

More Scrap Books for Seamen.

A "Friend" at Southport, Conn., and another friend at Newtown, L. I., who have heretofore provided illuminated scrap books for sick sailors in hospital, prepared by themselves in the manner noted in the last number of the LIFE BOAT (SAILORS' MAGAZINE for January, pp. 33, 34,) have lately each sent us another volume of the same kind. They have already been placed in the hands of those for whom they were intended, by our sailor missionaries.

Who Can Match This?

Mr. C. W. CAREY, Superintendent of the Sabbath School of the Congregational church at Greeneville, Conn., writing us a few days since, encloses \$20, and says,—
"it is our twenty-first consecutive annual remittance for a loan library."

A Noticeable Letter.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Jan. 15, '84.
To the American Seamen's Friend Society:

Please find FIVE DOLLARS for your Society, as my annual donation. I was born on the 5th August, in the year 1792 and have read the MAGAZINE since about its first issue. I was converted in November, 1827. Yours,

LYMAN OSBON.

From "Pitcairn's."

An English vessel which was becalmed September 22nd, 1883, off Pitcairn Island, was visited by a boat load of the islanders, with whom one of the passengers, a lady, went ashore. The people were delighted to see her, telling her that she was the first English woman who had visited the island in twenty-five years. They loaded her with fruits and flowers, with shells, baskets, relics of the *Bounty*, fresh fish, cocoanut oil and a score of other things which she couldn't possibly carry, and then rowed her back with all her treasure to the ship. In a private letter, from which an extract appears in *The London Times*, she writes:—"The vegetation of

the island is simply magnificent, everything appearing to grow spontaneously. Some of the orange and bread-fruit trees were gigantic, and the whole place was sickly with the scent of the orange blossoms. Flowers grew everywhere, heads of double geraniums as large as my head, and some splendid lilies. Our cabin was like a florist's shop for the next fortnight. They have built a nice little church and schoolhouse, and they seem perfectly happy and contented."

Sailors' Home, New York, 190 CHERRY STREET.

Report of F. Alexander, Lessee, for the month of

DECEMBER 1883.

Total arrivals	166
Deposited for safe keeping	\$2,250
of which \$805 was sent to relatives and friends, \$180 was placed in Savings Banks, and \$1,424 was returned to boarders.	

Planets for February, 1884.

MERCURY is a morning star during this month: is at its greatest elongation at 11 o'clock on the evening of the 18th, being $26^{\circ} 12'$ west of the Sun; is at its greatest brilliancy on the morning of the 17th when it rises at 5h. 44m, and south of east $26^{\circ} 36'$; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 24th at 7h. 27m., being $6^{\circ} 16'$ south.

VENUS is an evening star setting on the 1st at 7h. 54m., and south of west $9^{\circ} 34'$; is in conjunction with the Moon on the forenoon of the 29th at 10h. 19m., being $32'$ south; at this time is eclipsed to all persons situated between the parallels of latitude 71° north and 2° south.

MARS is due south on the morning of the 1st at 21m. past midnight, being $21^{\circ} 30'$ north of the equator; on the same morning, at 6 o'clock, is in opposition with the Sun, when it is at its greatest brilliancy; is in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 10th at 4h. 52m., being $9^{\circ} 43'$ north.

JUPITER is due south on the evening of the 1st at 11h. 18m., being at this time $21^{\circ} 11'$ north of the equator; is in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 9th at 5h 51m., being $5^{\circ} 45'$ north.

SATURN is due south on the evening of the 1st at 7h. 20m., being at this time $19^{\circ} 3'$ north of the equator; is stationary among the stars in Taurus at 9 o'clock on the forenoon of the 8th; is in conjunction with the Moon on the forenoon of the 5th at 7h. 46m., being $1^{\circ} 18'$ north; is in quadrature with the Sun at noon on the 22nd; after this is considered as an evening star.

New York University.

R. H. B.

Receipts for December, 1883.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Brentwood, Cong. church.....	\$ 4 30
Dalton, Mrs. Nancy K. Stone.....	2 00
Goffstown, Cong. church.....	11 83
Nashua, Plymouth church.....	31 70
Pelham, Cong. church.....	28 75
Rindge, Cong. church.....	1 76

VERMONT.

Granby, Rev. Charles Duren.....	1 00
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MASSACHUSETTS.

Amesbury, Cong. church.....	9 68
Ashby, Cong. church.....	7 70
Ayer, Orthodox church.....	2 00

Boston, schr. <i>Gertrude Abbott</i> , Capt. Champion.....	1 50
Cohasset, Cong. church.....	11 88
Florence, Cong. S. S., class 12.....	3 38
Gardner, Cong. church.....	25 00
Grafton, John P. Hayden.....	1 00
Greenfield, 2nd ch., Miss Osgood's S. S., for library.....	20 00
Groveland, Cong. ch., add'l.....	3 80
Haverhill, Centre ch. S. S., for lib'y.....	20 00
Hopkinton, Cong. ch., for library.....	21 77
Ipswich, 1st Church, add'l.....	3 75
Lenox, Cong. church.....	25 00
Lowell, "Cold Water Army" Elliott church, for library.....	8 55
Lynn, 1st Cong. church.....	20 00
Methuen, 1st Cong. church.....	11 63
Monson, Estate of A. W. Porter, per E. F. Morris, Ex.....	5 87

Newburyport, Whitfield church.....	150 00
Northampton, Miss Francis Williams, C. L. W.....	6 03
Northfield, Mrs. Ada M. D. Alexander, a Christmas Gift, for a lib'y.....	4 00
Orange, A. B. Foster.....	25 00
Oxford, Mary S. Porter.....	20 00
Pittsfield, 1st ch., weekly offering.....	10 00
Royalston, Miss Candace Bullock.....	15 00
Sandwich, Cong. ch., for library.....	37 37
Topsfield, Cong. church.....	20 00
Upton, Cong. ch. and S. S., for lib'y.....	21 70
West Medway, Cong. church.....	10 21
West Newbury, Cong. ch., add'l.....	20 00
Worcester, Plymouth ch., David Whitcomb, for lib's.....	5 38
Winchendon, North Cong. ch.....	1 10
Winchester, W. G. Chaffee, to refit library No. 4,018.....	100 00

RHODE ISLAND.

Pawtucket, Cong. ch. and Soc'y, per E. R. Bullock.....	5 00
Providence, Pilgrim church.....	12 79

CONNECTICUT.

Ansonia, J. H. Bartholomew.....	20 00
Columbia, Cong. church.....	16 62
Danbury, 1st Cong. church, of wh. to const. Frederick Marsh and Arthur H. Averill, L. M.'s, \$60.....	87 07

Durham Centre, Rev. B. Pilsbury, D. D.....	1 00
Greens Farms, Cong. ch. and Soc'y.....	19 00
Greenwich, Israel Peck.....	5 00
Lebanon, William Huntington.....	1 00
Ledyard, Rev. John Avery.....	2 00

Middlebury, Cong. ch. and S. S., for a loan library.....	20 00
Middletown, 1st church.....	5 00
Milford, 1st Cong. church.....	16 00
Samuel C. Durand.....	1 00

New Britain, Infant class of South Cong. ch., for a loan library.....	2 00
New Haven, D. W. Buckingham.....	16 77
Newington, Cong. church.....	14 61
New London, Church of Christ.....	1 00
Norwalk, Miss Lucy G. Merrill.....	\$3,554 06

Norwich, 1st Cong. church.....	35 00
Southport, Elbert B. Monroe, for two loan lib's <i>in memoriam</i> F. Marquand Monroe.....	40 00
Received from estate of Frederick Marquand, late of Southport, Conn., as a gift.....	500 00
Stamford, Mrs. Seymour Hoyt.....	5 00
Trumbull, Cong. ch. S. S., for a loan library in its name.....	20 00
Woodbury, North Cong. church.....	15 00
NEW YORK.	
Brooklyn, 1st Place M. E. ch., in part, to const. Morris E. Smith, L. M. Puritan ch., S. S. class No. 22, for a loan library.....	12 00
1st Ref. ch., balance of collection.....	20 00
New York City, legacy bequeathed by Henry T. Morgan of New York City, per A. C. Morgan, Homer Morgan and Charles H. Woodruff, executors.....	1,000 00
Mrs. G. B. Grinnell, for libraries.....	100 00
J. W. Hamersley, for libraries.....	100 00
Horace Gray.....	50 00
Cash.....	40 00
George H. Creed, special donation.....	35 00
George D. Morgan.....	20 00
William H. Macy.....	20 00
Captain, officers and crew of ship <i>Tsernogora</i> of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, for library work.....	20 00
Central Pres. church S. S., for the "Artie and Mabel Library," No. 8,023.....	20 00
George W. Smith & Co.....	10 00
Josiah M. Fiske.....	10 00
S. L. M. B.....	10 00
Charles Delmonico.....	10 00
Crew of Coast Survey schooner <i>Palinurus</i> , per Lieut. A. V. Wadams, Navy Yard.....	6 55
Mrs. D. S. Miller.....	5 00
Mrs. S. V. Hoffman.....	5 00
Miss Frances R. Shaw.....	5 00
Capt. Samuel L. Lord, schooner <i>Mary Lord</i> , for library work.....	1 00
J. Dorrell, steam dredge <i>Saratoga</i> , Poughkeepsie, 1st Ref. ch., of which Henry L. Young, \$50.....	1 00
Rochester, Mrs. Lydia Ann Graves to refit library No. 6,923.....	67 39
Tarrytown, Edward B. Cobb.....	5 00
Troy, 1st Pres. ch. S. S. for library in memory of Alfred De Forest Gale, New JERSEY.	25 00
Franklin Park, H. P. Cortelyou, New Year's gift.....	20 00
Lakewood, Mrs. M. L. Smallwood.....	10 00
Madison, Pres. ch., of which James A. Webb, \$20, for library to be known as the "Grettie and Eleanor Library,".....	54 51
New Brunswick, M. E. Warren.....	5 00
Orange, 2nd Pres. ch.....	49 61
Plainfield, Mr. L. Myers for library..	20 00
DELAWARE.	
Wilmington, Mrs. S. F. Du Pont.....	2 00
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.	
Washington, Mrs. Anna R. Case for library.....	20 00
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
Summersville, Rev. C. S. Sherman..	5 00
ILLINOIS.	
Chicago, Charles S. Holt for library.....	20 00
MINNESOTA.	
Northfield, Conrad Stegner.....	5 00
NEBRASKA.	
Gazelle, Mrs. Amy Downes.....	5 00



"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days."—Ecc. II: 1.

Sam's Safety Lamp.

'Well, sir,' began Sam, when asked to tell the story of his saving the express train, 'there's not much in it. It's nigh fifteen years. There wor none o' them block telegrafts and Westin'-house brakes and Pullman cars then. It wor just such a dirty night as this, when the wind wor up and wouldna be laid. We had a pitch in just at the edge on the viaduct at the Junction. The switching ingin wor a collectin' her cars, and she got astride on the switch rails just as the down slow passenger train came a knocking into her and blocking both roads. Some sed it wor all on account of the signals. Others made it out as it was eos the lockin'-bar wor out of order. Anyhow, the Goviment inspector couldna clear it up, although there wor any amount of ingineers and officials down wi' plans and sections. We wor all confusion. Luckily none was much the worse. Some was shook a bit, and an owd woman died of the fright. I live close by the road, and hearin' the crash runned up to see what wor amiss. I wor just a-going to held to clear one of the roads when something quite of a sudden like occurred to my moind.'

'I asked Job Croft "Is the 'Scotchman' gone up yet?"

"No," said somebody in the dark.

I think it wor the station master. I had a red lamp in my hands and off I started to stop her. Have you ever seen her go across the viaduct, sir? She comes down, the bank at sixty miles an hour every night of her life. The incline falls one in seventy, so you may guess she's not wastin' time. She just slips down with her fifteen coaches like well-oiled lightnin'; Well, as I wor a-sayin', I ran over the viaduct like a madman, makes my way through the tunnel, and when I got in the cuttin' the wind brought me the roar of the "Scotchman" going like a red-hot rocket through the Drabble Dale Station, a mile or more off. The wind it came through the cuttin' till I had fairly to howd mysen on the rails, to keep mysen from bein' a blown away.

'It wor then my lamp went out. It wor blown clean out, and in no time the Scotchman would be ripping down the hill like a avalanche of flame. I searched my pockets for a match. In my coat pockets never a one, although I generally carries a box, and have done so ever since that fearful night. At last in my waistcoat pocket I found *one match*. One match, and the wind wor a blowin' through the cuttin' as

through a funnel! I'm not a saint, sir; but I knew that the lives in that thunderin' express depended on that one match. If she went into the foul line she'd drop over the viaduct into the river. The persperation covered me with a cold sweat. I could 'ear my 'eart a-thumping. For a moment I went 'a dizzy like. Then I pulled mysen together and throwed my whole life into one short prayer.

'It wor all done in a moment. I felt then in the cuttin' for a crevice, and thank God! there wor a small opening where the fog men shelter when signalin' trains on thick nights. I crept in this 'ere place. I opens my lamp, and puts the match inside the frame. I trembled least it should fail. But somehow I wor strangely cool and steady about the hands. I struck, and huddled round the match. The wick caught the fire, and I wor just in time to jump from the hole into the six foot and wave the red signal to the driver of the "Scotchman," as she rushed past faster than the wind. She wor 'a-going!' But the driver were on the lookout, and had seen the red light. All I could see wor the tail lamps on the rear guard's van: but I could 'ear the danger whistle for all the brakes to be clapped on, and I 'eard 'em a grinding on the rails, and then there wor a gratin' that told me he wor a reversin' the ingin.'

'Stopped!'

'Yes, sir, just as she got on the edge of the viaduct! He had her buffer-plank not three yards from where the road wor a fouled.'

'The sweat poured down my face as I made for the Junction again: but I knew I'd saved the train, and I prayed again not in words, but with a sort of choking gratitude that come up in big, burning lumps in my throat. Some of my mates gave me this 'ere watch and chain, and I wor shifted up by the superintendent to a gauger's job: but I dunna take so much credit to myself, for Providence lit the match that night in the very midst of the storm.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

Jamie, the Sailor Boy.

In a very small village, there lived a little Scotch boy named Jamie. His mother loved him, and he loved his mother. This little boy wanted to be a sailor. His mother did not like the idea of losing her little Jamie, but he had read so much about sailors, and about foreign lands, that he said:—

"O mother, I do want to be a sailor!" and at last his mother said, "Jamie, you shall go." She gave him her blessing, and added:—

"Jamie, wherever you are, whether at sea or on land, never forget to acknowledge your God; and give me a promise that you will kneel down every night on shipboard and say your prayers. If the sailors laugh at you, don't mind; say your prayers, and trust in God."

Little Jamie looked up to his mother, the tears trickling down his cheeks, and said, "Mother, I promise you I will."

The boy went on board a ship bound for India. They had a good captain and some very good sailors, and when little Jamie knelt down at night, there was no one who laughed at him. He had an easy time of it then. But coming back from India, some of the sailors deserted, and the captain had to get fresh ones; among them there was a very bad fellow. The first night, when the sailors were gone to their berths, seeing little Jamie kneel down to say his prayers, he went up to him and giving him a box on the ear, said:—

"None of that here, sir!"

Now among the crew there was another sailor, a swearing man, I am sorry to say, but I think he had been taught what is right when he was a lad. He came up to this bad fellow who had struck the boy, and said:—

"Come on deck, and I will give you a thrashing;" and they went on deck.

Now I am not approving of the fight, but these men *did* fight, and the swearing sailor whipped the one who boxed

the little fellow. Then they came back again into the cabin, and the swearing man said:—

"Now, Jamie, say your prayers, and if he dares to touch you, I will dress him."

Well, the next night Jamie said to himself, "I don't like to make any disturbance on board ship; I will say my prayers in my berth; I won't kneel down before the sailors; I will get into my hammock and say my prayers to myself."

Now was that wise? Was that fearless? But mark the effect it had on the swearing sailor. The moment he saw little Jamie get into his hammock without saying his prayers, he went up and took him by the neck, dragged him out of the hammock and said:—

"Kneel down at once, sir! Do you think I am going to fight for you, and you not say your prayers, you young rascal?"

During the whole voyage back to London, little Jamie had, in that reckless, thoughtless sailor, a man who looked after him like a father, and every night saw that he knelt down and said his prayers. The little fellow began to grow industrious, and to read. He said to himself, "Here is a swearing sailor who has reproved me because I did not kneel down boldly before the men." Well, he began to learn all about ropes and ships, and about taking latitude and longitude.

Now let me tell you a little of his history. Some years ago, the largest steamship ever seen, was built. You remember it,—the *Great Eastern*. You know that she went across the Atlantic with the wonderful cable. Now who do you think was the captain of that great ship? They wanted the cleverest captain they could find in England, and they selected little Jamie. When the great ship came back, after fulfilling her mission, the captain knelt before Queen Victoria, who said, "Rise, Sir James Anderson;" and Sir James Anderson was none other than the little boy I have told you of.—*Home Visitor.*

God Saw that it Was Good.

At an examination in a school for the deaf and dumb one of the poor children was asked in writing, "Who made the world?" He took the pencil and wrote, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth."

Then he was asked, "Why did Jesus Christ come into the world?" A smile of gratitude lighted up his face as he wrote, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

At last the examiner put to him this question, "Why were you born deaf and dumb, while I can hear and speak?" He took up the pencil again, and, with a beautiful expression of resignation and peace, wrote these words:—"Even so, Father; for so it seemed good in Thy sight."

A Boy's Estimate of His Mother's Work.

"My mother gets me up, builds the fire, and gets my breakfast and sends me off," said a bright youth. "Then she gets my father up, and gets his breakfast and sends him off. Then she gives the other children their breakfast and sends them to school; and then she and the baby have their breakfast."

"How old is the baby?" asked the reporter.

"O, she is 'most two, but she can talk and walk as well as any of us."

"Are you well paid?"

"I get \$2 a week, and father gets \$2 a day."

"How much does your mother get?"

With a bewildered look the boy said "Mother' why, she don't work for anybody."

"I thought you said she worked for all of you."

"O yes, for us she does; but there aint no money into it."

THE LIFE BOAT.

Loan Library Reports.

The whole number of new Loan Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society at New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1858-9, to April 1st, 1883, was 7,764; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 8,100; the total shipments aggregating 15,864. The number of volumes in these libraries was 419,420, and they were accessible, by original and re-shipment, to 301,425 men. Nine hundred and forty-three libraries, with 33,948 volumes were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals, and were accessible to 107,995 men.—One hundred and six libraries were placed in one hundred and six Stations of the United States Life Saving Service, containing 3,816 volumes, accessible to seven hundred and forty-two Keepers and surfmen.

During December, 1883, fifty loan libraries, eighteen new and thirty-two reshipped, were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. The new libraries were Nos. 8,022-8,032, inclusive, at New York;—and Nos. 7,901-7,907, inclusive, at Boston.

The thirty-two libraries reshipped were:—

No. 1,036,	No. 4,018,	No. 5,417,	No. 6,651,	No. 6,979,	No. 7,315,	No. 7,572,	No. 7,811,
" 2,918,	" 4,258,	" 5,426,	" 6,654,	" 7,037,	" 7,338,	" 7,623,	" 7,837,
" 3,001,	" 4,739,	" 6,187,	" 6,850,	" 7,152,	" 7,406,	" 7,671,	" 7,842,
" 3,780,	" 4,817,	" 6,503,	" 6,858,	" 7,235,	" 7,442,	" 7,805,	" 7,855.

Chimes of the Clock.

What says the clock when it strikes one?
"Watch," says the clock, "oh, watch little
one."

What says the clock when it strikes two?
"Love God, little one, for God loves you."

Tell me softly what it whispers at three.
It is, "Suffer little children to come unto Me."

"Then come, gentle lambs, and wander no
more,"
'Tis the voice of the Shepherd that calls you at
four.

And, oh, let your young hearts with gladness
revive
When it echoes so sweetly, "God bless you,"
at five.

And remember at six, at the fading of day,
That your life is a vapor that passeth away.
And what says the clock when it strikes seven?
"Of such is the kingdom,—the kingdom of
heaven."

And what says the clock when it strikes eight?
"Strive to enter in at the beautiful gate."

And louder, still louder, it calls you at nine,
"My son, oh, give me that heart of thine."

And such be your voices responsive at ten,
"Hosanna in the highest! Hosanna! Amen!"

And loud let the chorus ring out at eleven,
"Of such is the kingdom,—the kingdom of
heaven."

When the deep strokes at midnight the watch-word shall ring,
"Lo! these are my jewels, these, these," saith
the King.

American Seamen's Friend Society,

80 WALL ST., NEW YORK, N. Y., U. S. A.

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District Secretary:—

Rev. S. W. HANKS, Cong'l House, Boston, Mass.,
U. S. A.

The LIFE BOAT is issued monthly by the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, mainly for the advancement of its Loan Library Work, and fifty copies are sent, gratis, postage paid, for one year, to every Sabbath-School sending a library to sea. These libraries contain on an average thirty-six volumes, always including the HOLY BIBLE, unless it is found, upon inquiry, that the vessel upon which the library is placed, is already supplied with it. Accompanying the Bible are other carefully chosen religious books, and a choice selection of miscellaneous volumes. Each library ordinarily has two or three volumes in German, Danish, French, Spanish, or Italian;—the others are in English. The library is numbered, labelled and placed upon a sea-going vessel leaving the port of New York or Boston, as a loan to the ship's company,—every one being receipted, registered, and then assigned to the donor of the funds which pay for it,—who is thereupon notified of its shipment.

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,

80 Wall Street, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.

ORGANIZED, MAY, 1828. INCORPORATED, APRIL, 1833.

The payment of Five Dollars makes an ANNUAL MEMBER of the Society, and of Thirty Dollars at one time, a LIFE MEMBER. The payment of One Hundred Dollars, or of a sum which in addition to a previous payment makes One Hundred Dollars, makes a LIFE DIRECTOR.

Provided a request is sent, annually, for the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, it will be forwarded gratuitously to Life Directors, Life Members and pastors of churches in which a yearly collection is taken for the Society.

It will also, upon application, be sent for one year to any one contributing at least Twenty Dollars for the general objects of the Society, or to endow a Loan Library.

It is necessary that all receivers of the MAGAZINE, *gratuitously*, should give annual notices of their desire for its continuance.

Form of a Bequest.

"I give and bequeath to THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the year 1833, the sum of \$—, to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of the said Society."

Three witnesses should certify at the end of the will, over their signatures, to the following formalities, which, in the execution of the will should be strictly observed:

1st. That the testator subscribed (or acknowledged the subscription of) the will in their presence.—2nd. That he *at the same time* declared to them that it was his last will and testament.—3rd. That they, the witnesses, then and there, in his presence, and at his request, and in presence of each other, signed their names thereto as witnesses.

Sailors' Homes and Private Boarding Houses.

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NEW BEDFORD, 14 Bethel Court	Ladies' Br. N. B. P. S.	Miss Ellen Brown.
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AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,

80 Wall Street, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.

ORGANIZED, MAY, 1828—INCORPORATED, APRIL, 1833.

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OBJECTS AND METHODS OF THE SOCIETY.

- 1.—To improve the condition of seamen in every possible respect, and to SAVE THEIR SOULS.
- 2.—To sanctify commerce, and make it everywhere serve as the handmaid of Christianity.

1.—The preaching of the Gospel by missionaries and chaplains, and the maintenance of Bethel Churches in the principal ports of this and foreign countries. In addition to its chaplaincies in the United States, the Society has stations in JAPAN, the HAWAIIAN ISLANDS, CHILI, S. A., the MADEIRA ISLES, GERMANY, FRANCE, ITALY, BELGIUM, DENMARK, NORWAY, SWEDEN, and upon the LABRADOR COAST, N. A.,—and will establish others, as its funds shall allow. Besides preaching the Gospel to seamen on ship-board and on shore, and to boatmen upon our inland waters, chaplains visit the sick and dying, and endeavor to supply the place of parents and friends.

2.—The monthly publication of the SAILORS' MAGAZINE and SEAMEN'S FRIEND, designed to collect and communicate information, and to enlist the sympathy and co-operation of Christians of every name, in securing the objects of the Society. The last of these publications is gratuitously furnished to chaplains and missionaries for distribution among seamen and others.—The Society also publishes the LIFE BOAT, for the use of Sabbath-Schools.

3.—The provision of LOAN LIBRARIES, composed of carefully selected, instructive, and entertaining books, put up in cases containing between thirty-five and forty volumes each, for the use of ships' officers and crews. The donor of each library is informed when and where it goes, and to whom it is entrusted; and whatever of interest is heard from it, is communicated, as far as possible. The whole number of new libraries sent out by the Society, up to April 1st, 1883, is 7,764. Calculating 8,100 shipments, their 419,420 volumes have been accessible to more than 301,425 men. Hundreds of hopeful conversions at sea have been reported as traceable to this instrumentality. A large proportion of these libraries have been provided by special contributions from Sabbath-Schools, and are frequently heard from as doing good service. Thousands of American vessels remain to be supplied.

4.—The establishment of SAILORS' HOMES, READING ROOMS, SAVINGS' BANKS, the distribution of BIBLES, TRACTS, &c. The SAILORS' HOME, 190 Cherry Street, New York, is the property and under the direction of the Society. It was opened in 1842, reconstructed, refurnished, and reopened in 1880, and is now unsurpassed by any SAILORS' HOME in the world. It has accommodated 100,000 boarders, and has saved to seamen and their relatives, more than \$1,500,000. Its moral and religious influence cannot be fully estimated, but very many seamen, have there been led to Christ. Shipwrecked sailors are constantly provided for at the HOME. A missionary of the Society is in attendance, and religious and Temperance meetings are held daily.